

Graphic

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Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—XV

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

Some twenty odd years ago (to be explicit, in 1885) Chauncey M. Depew created a great sensation throughout the country by publicly repeating a story that General Grant had told him at a little two-hour dinner at the White House—substantially that President Johnson, under the subtle manipulation of a southern aristocracy—a circle to which he was not admitted, having been of low birth and a tailor—was so tempted by the invitation of admission to this exclusive class, that he suddenly turned front, changed his views, and determined to make himself worthy of admission to the charmed circle of the blue-bloods by conspiring to overturn the Government of the United States, by calling together a congress of Southern Senators and Representatives, and such Northern copperheads as should be willing to co-operate with them, which he would recognize and install at the national capital as its lawful government, and which, by the assistance of General Grant, then chief of the armies of the republic, under himself, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy by virtue of his office, he would protect by an armed force. And the assertion by General Grant not only of his indisposition to aid such a movement, but his determination to defeat it—General Grant asserting that

“he would drive a congress so constituted out of the capital at the point of the bayonet, give possession of the building to the Senators and Representatives from the loyal States, and protect them, and, if necessary, appeal to the country and to the army he had so recently mustered out of service;” that shortly thereafter President Johnson endeavored to send General Grant to Mexico upon some diplomatic mission, in order to get him out of the way, which was declined by the general in a “stormy interview.”

But Depew, who had just got into the limelight as President of the New York Central Railroad and as a story-teller, and before he became a Senator and one of the star-robbers of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, made so bad a break that every prominent newspaper in the country expressed its disbelief of the Depew fabrication. As “The Nation” said at the time: “This is too important a matter to have been reserved for so many years to be babbled over between courses at a dinner party and to be entrusted to a gentleman with whom General Grant is not known to have been upon especially confidential terms. It was due to the reputation of General Grant if he was ever at liberty to tell this

story—which means, if it was true—that it should have been told in the lifetime of President Johnson. It was due to the good name of General Grant that the story—if told at all—should have been told in the General’s lifetime.”

And the San Francisco Argonaut, after taking the prevaricating Depew severely to task, continued: “General Grant has allowed the memoirs of his life to be written by a member of his staff, General Adam Badeau, an ‘authorized’ life, with proofs read by the general. It contains no hint of any incident like this. General Grant has written a history of the war, and under circumstances that would have justified him in the telling of any important incident of the war, and the reconstruction of States—if true—and we have not heard it hinted that this story is therein told. Is it not somewhat strange that the impeachment trial of President Johnson gave no hint of this attempt to overthrow the Government and again inaugurate civil war? Is it not more strange that among all his enemies, North and South, no one has been found to give voice to these accusations, and that even the suspicion of their existence has been hidden till death has disposed of nearly all the wit-

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The Gauntlet Down.

Lincoln-Roosevelt League leaders the State over cannot overlook the challenge issued to them last Saturday night by Senator Frank P. Flint. In the presence of perhaps a thousand Republicans from all over Southern California, Senator Flint said, among other things:

There is an organization throughout this State that is nominating candidates for the Legislature. I understand that this same organization has declared for the election of United States Senators by the people. I have no quarrel with them in reference to that declaration. My colleague has advocated the election of Senators by a direct vote of the people for many years. As far as I am concerned I would not serve the people of this State unless I felt that the majority of the people wanted me to represent them. Is this organization, which has declared that they are in favor of the election of Senators by the people, in fact, in favor of the plan? If so, I am in accord with them, and the question as far as this State is concerned can be decided at the approaching primaries. Have every delegate to the convention that is to be elected at the approaching primaries announce who he favors for member of the Legislature, and have every candidate for the Legislature state for whom he will cast his vote for United States Senator, and have the State Senators announce not only for whom they will vote as Senator Perkins's successor, but also for my successor. Will this organization agree to this plan?

The reason, as I understand it, why the people are desirous of having United States Senators elected by direct vote of the people is that they may determine by the vote who shall represent them; that they may have an opportunity of investigating the record of the candidate for the Senate. In other words, to have the candidate out in the open. This is fair, and as it should be. Who is the candidate of this organization? Let him come out and announce his candidacy, and let the people determine whether they prefer him or my colleague, and also determine by their vote whether they approve my services. I will be content with the decision.

If this organization should be successful and they should continue to carry out their present plan and not permit the candidates for the Legislature to state for whom they will vote for United States Senator, they show by their own acts that they are not honestly in favor of plans that they advocate. If they believe in the election of the Senators by the people, why do the candidates not make known their choice for United States Senators, so that the people on election day, in casting their votes for the members of the Legislature, may know that they are casting a vote for a certain individual for United States Senator?

It is still too early to determine whether Senator Flint's address will mark a period in California politics such as that which was

marked when Governor Gage bade defiance to the embattled editors, Otis, DeYoung and John Spreckels. The Lincoln-Roosevelters cannot ignore a challenge so openly cast, and must come out into the open with their candidate for the United States Senate. No man outside of the inner circle of the Lincoln-Roosevelters knew who that candidate would be, when Flint made his remarkable speech.

Mr. Taft's Treatise.

It would be interesting and instructive to statesmen of this and future generations, if any reliable computation could be made of the number of men who ploughed faithfully through every furrow of the enormous field tilled by Mr. Taft in his fifteen thousand word acceptance address. From personal difficulties in conscientiously attempting this task one must imagine that the percentage of men who successfully accomplished it must be very small indeed. In the several newspapers through which this heroic effort was made, there was strong internal evidence that even the proof-readers, who were paid to read it, had gone to sleep or otherwise succumbed during the task.

Mr. Taft's literary style, it must be admitted, is not attractive. It is, indeed, as expansive and ponderous as the physical frame of the distinguished writer. Certain it is that Mr. Taft's state papers if moulded on such massive lines will never command a market for light summer reading. Such a document as the acceptance speech can only be assimilated in patience and tribulation, with the midnight oil and a wet towel over one's fevered brow. But it was the fruit of laborious effort, and demanded laborious examination. Doubtless, a few lawyers found it comparatively easy reading, but then they pretend to find pastime in the perusal of Supreme Court decisions. Mr. Taft's acceptance speech was indeed a legal brief (as usual, a misnomer)—a prodigious document weighty with much wisdom and many words. The nominee himself had the grace to apologize for its dimensions, and found its actual delivery on Brother Charles's lawn in Cincinnati altogether too formidable a task. Under a scorching sun the physical effort proved superhuman, and Mr. Taft spared himself—and his hearers—by slash-

ing his manuscript right and left and reducing the period of its delivery to only one hour and five minutes. Such comparatively tabloid form could not, however, be distributed for general consumption.

But the cumbrous style and the multiplicity of words can not detract from the great value and importance of the document. The campaign lasts for three months and the Taft acceptance speech will supply food for reflection for every day and night in the campaign. So exhaustive, indeed, is Mr. Taft's treatise that even the exceedingly prolific Mr. Bryan will not attempt to dispose of it at a single sitting but plans to answer his opponent's arguments on the installment plan. There is not an issue before the Nation today which Mr. Taft has not faced fairly and frankly, to which he has not given the most comprehensive examination and which he has not thoroughly expounded. Moreover, it is the conviction of the "Graphic" that Mr. Taft's views on the questions of the day and his proposed policies are in accordance with the best interests of the Nation.

The most substantial criticism of the Taft speech of acceptance, however, lies in the fact that it will hardly succeed in bringing the candidate into a closer personal relation with the people. The document lacks personal characteristics,—any comprehensive revelation of the man himself, and it is this, we believe, the people need most from Mr. Taft today. The country knows him, lightly, as a man of huge proportions and with a winning smile that rarely leaves him; more seriously, it appreciates him as an indefatigable worker, one of the most eminent of contemporary jurists and a sound statesman. But, as yet, most vividly of all he is impressed upon the public imagination as a most devoted follower of Theodore Roosevelt. The country, however, needs a leader of men and not a follower of any man to grace the executive's chair. While we believe there is small danger of Mr. Taft's not being elected, that result will be more definitely assured just as soon as the candidate succeeds in impressing his own individuality upon the people. His extreme loyalty to his former chief doubtless induces him to occupy so large a portion of his acceptance

speech with dissertations on the Rooseveltian point of view, but it is the Taft point of view,—Taft himself,—that the popular fancy—which means votes—needs today. It did not help Mr. Taft's own cause in this regard that he journeyed to Oyster Bay to secure Mr. Roosevelt's O. K. to his acceptance speech before he ventured it.

However the partisan press may insist on wide differences of policy which are supposed still to exist between the Republican and the Democratic parties, these wide differences are in fact mostly imaginary, and such zealous insistence upon them is merely an attempt to preserve traditional dividing lines which time and conditions have necessarily obliterated. The day is surely approaching—if, indeed, it has not already arrived—when the terms "Republican" and "Democrat" will be no more appropriate for distinction in contemporary politics than Whig and Tory.

The great difference between the hosts captained by William Howard Taft and the hosts captained by William Jennings Bryan is not so much a difference of policy as a difference of opinion as to which of the two men would prove the wiser and more effective executive. Both men stand for trenchant reform in the administration of the law. Both men recognize that evils exist which must be remedied. Which of the two is the better doctor is the really vital question that the patient must decide.

Neither Mr. Bryan nor Mr. Hearst can claim a monopoly of radical policy or "reform." It would be impossible for any man to be a political leader today unless he were radical. It will be the country's conviction that Mr. Taft will prove a more prudent and yet more effective leader in bringing about radical changes that will elect him. In a word, to achieve practical "reform" Mr. Taft and his politics are far worthier of acceptance than "the Commoner" and kaleidoscopic Bryanism.

It would be presumptuous to attempt to review Mr. Taft's acceptance speech in a few sentences or indeed within the limitations of a single article. Our present purpose is merely to define the impression that the Taft treatise leaves, or is calculated to leave, when its voluminous contents are finally digested.

Mr. Taft believes that the work of the next Administration must be the creation of new governmental machinery, or the reorganization of the old, to realize the reforms already enacted by legislation. Mr. Bryan believes so too. Again the paramount question of the campaign asserts itself, the answer to which we believe is that Mr. Taft will "boss the job" much better than Mr. Bryan could.

Mr. Taft does not believe in abolishing the concentration of capital, but insists that the suppression of competition by unfair means must be prevented. The recommendations of the Democratic platform in this regard he denounces as impracticable and abortive.

On what promises to be the most vital issue of the campaign—save, only, the personal issue of Taft or Bryan—the Republican candidate's position is unmistakable. Mr. Taft insists that the law must not, and can not, discriminate between union and non-union labor. The right to strike is not denied, but the wrong of intimidation cannot

be tolerated. "Boycotts" and all other attempts to defy the constitutional rights of the individual are indefensible. As regards the much mooted "injunction," Mr. Taft is convinced it is the most useful writ of courts of equity and that for the preservation of personal rights, property, and the public peace, it is indispensable. The writ of injunction is useful because it is effective, and it is effective only because of the power of the Court to inflict summary punishment for disobeying it.

Discussion of these and other important points, clearly and elaborately enumerated in the acceptance speech, will be precipitated during the campaign and with more animation than can be prompted by Mr. Taft's masterly and voluminous thesis. The effect of the speech must be to inspire complete confidence—upon those few who have read and digested it. If the personal note is lacking, there is no reason why Mr. Taft should not sound it, and with convincing effect, before the campaign is many weeks older. Already, the Republican candidate has snatched a child from the jaws of death and the "murderous trolley;" already, some idiot fired a shot-gun at the vessel which was carrying him up the Ohio river, and already—but here the press agent's imagination hardly fits the popular fancy—it has been found necessary to build a special telephone booth for his use. Of William Howard Taft's statesmanlike qualities there is no doubt, nor need there be any anxiety that the presidential chair will not be safe under his weight. It only remains for Mr. Taft so to impress his own individuality upon the public imagination that Mr. Bryan will get fewer votes in the electoral college than at either of his previous misadventures.

The Primary Contest.

The battle of next Tuesday's primaries—as far as the Republican party in California is concerned—has been reduced to a very simple issue. It is a struggle of the "outs" against the "ins." It is no new trick for the disgruntled and the unsuccessful to cover their resentment against those in power with the cloak of reform. Admittedly, there is much in California politics that needs reform. Such reform can only be accomplished by the sincerity and earnest endeavor of the people themselves, who must awaken to the necessity of sending honest and independent representatives to the Legislature. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League claims a monopoly of such material. We can discover no warrant for such presumption. While several of the candidates offered by the League are of thoroughly commendable quality, the same is also true of not a few of the candidates offered by the Regulars, and some of the latter have the advantage of previous experience and proved efficiency. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League must be judged mainly by its most prominent leaders—Meyer Lissner and Edwin T. Earl in the South, and Rudolph Spreckels and George C. Pardee in the North. If a voter has confidence in such leaders, and believes that under their sway political conditions will be improved, he will support the League's delegates. For ourselves all the protestations of an Earl or a Spreckels have failed to convince. Their past performances provide us with no warrant that their way is without guile or error. They have failed to make out their

case with rabid abuse and fervent claims which are of small importance compared with established records. In the great majority of districts we are confident the future of California will not be jeopardized, but rather will be conserved by voting the Regular ticket.

The Fall of Francis J.

The complete and humiliating exposure of Francis J. Heney was inevitable. It has been carefully and honestly foretold by the "Graphic" for more than a year, and we have not swerved from this duty in the face of the protestations and appeals of many good friends who, having succumbed to Heneyan hypnotism, had stubbornly exalted Heney to a pinnacle of heroism, self-sacrifice, patriotism and nobility and refused to turn their eyes from Heney idolatry. Mr. Heney secured this confidence and attained this eminence on his "own say-so." Until very recently he has never tired of arrogating to himself all the attributes of a demigod, all the virtues of a political savior. From this eminence he has assailed with colossal recklessness men whose shoes he was unworthy to polish; he has threatened to send to the penitentiary citizens of hitherto spotless repute; he has brawled and he has blustered; he has lied and made a virtue out of lying—but at last the mask has been torn from him and his own record is cast in his teeth. He has been forced to swallow it and holds his peace.

Mr. Heney's answer to the reporter sent to ask him for an explanation of "legal fees" amounting to \$42,500, paid him by the Contra Costa Water Company, for insignificant services—"a king's ransom for barely sniffing at the reservoirs"—is to hit the reporter in the back, and in his own house. No other explanation is vouchsafed; none other is dared. Mr. Heney's hands were only clean enough to hit the reporter in the back.

Mr. Heney's only answer to the charge that he accumulated a fortune by illegally importing contract peon labor from Mexico has been that the Southern Pacific revoked the contract the day before the Court of Appeals rendered the Schmitz decision. What apology this suggested coincidence bears for Heney's violation of the Federal laws by reason of his "pull" in Washington can be apparent only to Mr. Heney.

The colossal assumption of Mr. Heney will not surprise those who have had opportunity to study his actions and character at close range. Intemperance of judgment and an almost insane self-conceit can also account for Heney's blind delusion that he could forever rise superior to any investigation of his own conduct and record. Only last week Mr. Heney was called into consultation by the Government officials who have been examining the illegal traffic of smuggling Chinese over the Mexican border. Mr. Heney should be an authority on the Mexican border.

Padrone Heney can no longer cover his tracks by posing as a great moral reformer, by addressing Christian Endeavor and Chautauqua conventions, and filling the pulpit of many churches. He has been "smoked out."

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—XV

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

nesses?"

Not even the New York "Tribune," a railroad organ at the time, could take stock in Chauncey's little dinner-table mot, and said: "Now, this is very strange, and, we are constrained to say, a very suspicious narrative, and we shall hope not to be guilty of any lack of personal courtesy to Mr. Chauncey M. Depew if we say we do not believe it. This is not the kind of conspiracy to have been suggested by the President of so great a republic as ours—to have been confided in its details to the commander-in-chief of our army, and which must have been known to a multitude of conspirators who stood ready to enter into it, and carry it through bloody scenes to a successful triumph or a disgraceful ending—without having leaked out."

The Philadelphia "Press," another (former) anti-Johnson paper, said:

The question of President Johnson's loyalty to the Union is again being discussed. The subject was brought before the public by Chauncey M. Depew, who stated in a letter that he was informed by General Grant, in an after-dinner conversation, that Johnson had conceived and intended to carry into execution a scheme to revolutionize the country, soon after the close of the war, by giving the rebellious States the ascendancy in Congress and control of the Administration. We are of the opinion that Depew's statements are highly colored for the purpose of influencing voters in the New York election, especially as General Grant did not mention the subject to any one else and does not refer to it in his book.

Johnson was a United States Senator from Tennessee at the outbreak of the rebellion, and on the floor of the Senate said to Jeff Davis and others that if he were President he would hang them before they had time to leave Washington. In 1864, while the rebellion was at its height, he was elected Vice-President of the United States on the Union Republican ticket, and in April, 1865, after the assassination of Lincoln, he became President of the United States. William H. Seward was Secretary of State under his administration and all the members of his Cabinet were Union and Northern men, General Grant being for a time his Secretary of War, and accompanied him on his famous "swing around the circle." If Johnson entertained such schemes as are now attributed to him by Depew, his Cabinet must have been aware of it, and Seward, his chief adviser, must have sanctioned it. Those who knew Seward, whose loyalty to the Union was never questioned, cannot believe that he did. Again, when articles of impeachment were preferred by the House of Representatives against Johnson for carrying out the reconstruction policy of President Lincoln, would not Butler and the other managers on the part of the House have used his attempt at revolution against him with telling effect? And certainly such staunch Union men as Fessenden of Maine, Grimes of Iowa, Trumbull of Illinois, and other Senators, whose loyalty was undoubted, would not have voted as they did, against his impeachment.

Depew's letter, at this late day, when General Grant is in his grave and cannot refute what is alleged to have been told by him, must impress thinking people with the idea that General Grant conspired with Johnson to overthrow the Government. The fact that General Grant also testified before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives on July 18th, 1867, that President Johnson did not propose to recognize a Congress composed of Southern members and Northern Democrats, shows that to credit Depew's story at this

time would be to admit that General Grant perjured himself in 1867, and that he and Seward as well as Johnson were traitors.

Tens of thousands were still living, when the blatherskite Depew sprung his little fiction concerning the two dead men (dead lions) who alluded to Johnson as a traitor. These were they in great part who did not know or who had forgotten that when the Union needed friends, when commercial timidity had produced an apathetic feeling throughout the North, Johnson's voice was pitched to the highest key of demand of the forcible maintenance of Federal authority. When Jefferson Davis and his colleagues were leaving the Senate, after they had exhausted the subtleties of argument to prove that the election of Mr. Lincoln had dissolved the Union, it was Johnson who, from his seat in that body, shook his finger at Davis and said: "If I were President, I would hang you before you had time to quit Washington."

Then was the opportunity for Johnson to have realized on any longing he had for admission to the upper tier of Southern society, by betraying his country. It is folly, matchless in its magnitude, to represent him as beset with such a desire six years later, when the upper and the nether millstone had done their work upon that society, and reduced it to impalpable dust that was given to the winds as their sport and plaything.

Johnson's fight with Congress was over that reconstruction policy which considered the Southern States to be in the Union for the purpose of ratifying amendments to the Federal Constitution—their noblest function—but out of the Union for the purposes of self-government. Fortunately there were Republicans in Congress frank enough to scorn concealment. Thaddeus Stevens, justifying that reconstruction policy, did not pretend that it was constitutional, and when reminded that the Constitution stood in the way, boldly exclaimed: "So much the worse for the Constitution."

Seward stood with the President. Did the grimly scarred Secretary of State wish to have the password to the dress circle of Southern aristocracy, that he might sit amongst the birthright members and caper with the carpet knights?

I do not deny that the majority of the loyal men of the country was poisoned with suspicions of the motives of Johnson. But no evidence has ever been submitted that he strayed a shoe's breadth outside the path which Mr. Lincoln had marked out for himself, to be followed after the war closed. There were other men who were parts of the history of that time who walked in the same way. Hancock, in Texas, and Stoneman, in Virginia, as military commanders charged with civil government, did it, and treated the result of the war as subversive only of armed resistance to the Federal Government, and not as having extinguished civil liberty or substituted for its guarantees the irresponsible will of a partisan Congress. And no man lived in those days who permitted himself to be more fully committed to the same policy than General Grant.

When Johnson was arraigned at the bar

of the Senate was the time to offer evidence that he was a traitor. The virulence of his prosecution had in it all the venom that political rancor had under its lolling tongue, and when no impression was made upon Grimes and his six Republican colleagues, who defeated conviction upon the impeachment articles drawn and presented by the House, the case was closed. And he certainly could not be convicted by gossip at third hands from the soldier whose voice was stilled in death.

It was the general impression that Depew made a most consummate ass of himself, and every paper in the country derided him.

His attempt to present Grant as the keen analyst of political motives invested his name with no dignity, but detracted from the respect the whole country had acquired as the lasting lesson of his death-bed.

The same generation had as little interest in imputing to Andrew Johnson the qualities of a vulgarian, who gnawed his heart out for jealousy of social superiors who were intellectually beneath him, as it had in treating Grant as a sordid accident and a kind of military windfall.

We study the past for different purposes entirely, and there are not many young Americans who take an honest pride in proving that the institutions of their country, by a process of hap-hazard gestation, produce as the worthies of one generation men deserving the contempt of the next.

On the whole, and so said by the entire American press at the time, there was something extremely ghoulish in Depew's effort to revive envenomed controversies of the dead past, when the last words of the Hero of Appomattox were in favor of their oblivion. However signal were the merits of Grant as a military leader, no dispassionate man who ever examined the matter carefully will feel like laying much stress upon that passage of his career in which he and Andrew Johnson came into collision. The chapter was closed years ago; and it was made up in a very remarkable manner. Every man of Lincoln's Cabinet, which was also Johnson's, united in the declaration that Johnson, not Grant, was right in the questions of veracity between them. Why not have allowed the matter to rest? President Johnson's impeachment was not founded upon any violation of duty upon his part, as Bancroft, Dunning, Fleming, Sherman and other historians have calmly averred. It arose from the lustful desire of a lot of extreme Republican politicians to get an able and incorruptible man out of their way, so that they might work their utmost fury upon the South irrespective of the Constitution. The impeachment failed because there were a few Republican Senators who could not be dragooned into sanctioning such an enormity.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

A Hall Needed for Big Attractions

By L. E. BEHYMER

I am convinced that the time has come for Los Angeles to have an auditorium, or a convention hall which can be used for mass meetings, flower shows, grand opera, and high home talent entertainments that need cheap rents or band concerts, where cheap admissions would put concerts in reach of all. It has been my pleasure during my absence of nine weeks to visit the large auditoriums, convention halls and exhibition halls of New York, Buffalo, Toronto, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul and last, but not least, the magnificent convention hall of Denver, Colorado. This hall, just finished at an expense of \$650,000, is now being converted into a splendid theater, with a stage built in sections to occupy at least two thirds of the auditorium, and with a proscenium arch and side panels, which will face an audience seating some 4000 people; beautifully arranged for grand opera and kindred events.

All such work, however, is built in collapsible sections, and sectional floors, so that quickly it can be rearranged into a convention hall or an exhibition room. And when I talked grand opera to the citizens of Denver, what did they say?

"Meet our Citizens' Committee tomorrow evening at dinner; we will talk over the matter, and as our convention hall is made to bring great events to our city, you may have our heartiest co-operation." And the next evening when I talked Hammerstein and his great company for a week at \$75,000 guarantee, there were fifty business men anxious to sign a contract guaranteeing \$1000 apiece to make it possible; not caring whether one penny came back to them or not, only reserving the right to sell the boxes to the people composing their "400," and paying the full price for such boxes in addition to their subscriptions.

If the season was a success their money was to be returned to them, if the loss was \$25,000, they were to have one-half of their money back. This public enterprise is what

is making Denver a success, and when they showed me that over two million dollars was spent by outsiders in their city during the Bryan convention, it showed conclusively that public spirited movements reap their reward.

All along the line the magic name of Hammerstein was an open sesame to big guarantees, and a demand that the best in music should be brought to their doors. But where shall we look for the financial assistance in either Los Angeles or San Francisco, and where shall we look for an auditorium adequate for the presentation of an opera needing 380 people for its portrayal with a Melba, a Tetrazzini, or a Mary Garden, in the cast?

Where can we find a grand opera house or a convention hall with beautiful wings, in which are housed a public library, or an art gallery, in the two western cities, both standing for a higher grade of intelligence, a greater patronage, for music, literature and art, than their sister cities of the East?

In visiting the stock companies of these eastern cities, I find such companies far inferior to that of the Burbank or Belasco, and yet they are crowded to the doors.

I took a little company east, and thanks to the high standard of music demanded by our Los Angeles public, they "made good" everywhere. And furnished me the meal ticket which allowed me to visit the places in which I was able to engage the splendid entertainers who are to make good on the Pacific Coast this winter. This trip was absolutely necessary, as the poor patronage accorded quite a number of the first-class musicians, and the first-class dramatic companies visiting the Coast last year, and a frequent statement east that the "bottom had dropped out of Los Angeles," produced a scare that needed a degree of artistic boosting to overcome, and the personal presence of your humble servant was necessary in several quarters.

I had the pleasure of hearing one symphony orchestra in Denver which has the backing of the citizens to an extent of \$35,000 a year, and I can only say without the

least bit of prejudice that our Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, on a paltry \$8000 a year, has the Denver example beat a mile. This is quite a bit of food for thought.

As far as my own "goods" are concerned, I shall have the pleasure of presenting Madame Johanna Gadschi, and Madame Lillian Nordica as my sopranos for the coming season; Emilio de Gogorza and David Bisham, baritones. Josef Lhevinne, the great Russian pianist, for whom I have been bidding for three successive seasons, and could not secure, owing to the great demand in the east, will head the list of pianists. Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Adela Verne are also in the pianistic list.

Arthur Hartmann, whose fame as a violinist is world wide, and Maud Powell, the greatest woman violinist in the world, May Mukle, the world's most famous woman 'cellist, are among my string instrumentalists. The Conreid Metropolitan Quintette, consisting of Marie Rappold, soprano; Josephine Jacoby, contralto; Ricardo Martin, tenor; Giuseppe Campanari, tenor; Arthur Rosenstein, conductor, will present grand opera music, and if our citizens could see the way, or if the Temple Auditorium people could make a way or the Shriners place a suitable stage in the great Shrine Temple, it might be possible for the grandest season of grand opera yet known to the public of Southern California to take place in this city the coming spring, for the various stages en route from the East to the West are already arranged, and it would be too bad if San Francisco and Los Angeles were deprived of this rare treat.

Among the lecturers and entertainers we shall have the pleasure of hearing Gov. Johnson of Minnesota; Dr. Thomas E. Green, Jacob Riis, Opie Read, Gov. Hanly of Indiana, Russell P. Conwell, and a special season of Ben Greet and his company, assisted by the celebrated Russian Symphony Orchestra in a most artistic outdoor production of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and two weeks of dramatic and orchestral indoor work.

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By the Way

"The Evening News."

After much negotiation, the "Evening News" will be revived on or about the first of September. After working and conferring for some weeks, the present owners of the plant decided that they would hold on to it, but the name, good will, circulation, advertising contracts and so on are included in the sale which has just been consummated. I stated in the last issue of the "Graphic" that the projectors of the plan to have a thoroughly independent newspaper in Los Angeles had hit upon the name of "Los Angeles Press" but now that the "News" has become available, this name will be used, as better known to the people of this city. Orders have been placed for the plant which is to come from San Francisco and about

the first of September everything will be in readiness for the enterprise to be on its feet.

Independent.

The "Evening News" is now backed by some of the most conservative and sound elements of Los Angeles. It has no leading strings on it, and its policy will be to tell the truth and to be essentially a newspaper and not an organ. That has been one of the crying needs of Los Angeles for some time, and I am going to see whether my theory of the situation is the correct one.

Wray.

My friend Johnny Wray of San Pedro, once of Los Angeles, is having still more trouble in trying to learn all about the new

evening paper in this city. If Johnny Wray wants to know the "real, inside dope," I would be pleased to tell him. There is nothing so awfully mysterious and secret about it. The story is simply that about forty men in Los Angeles see an opening for a real, independent newspaper here. It is not to be a Democratic journal and it will be no man's organ, no clique's mouthpiece and will be devoted to telling the truth. That is a platform that even so able a man as Johnny Wray can stand upon.

An Impressive Lesson.

I can recall no play which has precipitated such general interest and discussion as "The Servant in the House." There are a few good people whose sensibilities are shocked by the daring introduction of the personality of Christ into a twentieth century drama; there are more who find in it at once a ruthless satire of irreligious religion and a virile lesson in altruism; again, there are those who resent it as a dangerous exposition of socialism and a few who profess themselves bored to extinction by its time-worn situations ("borrowed from melodrama") and its "pretentious platitudes." The permanent and true success of a drama is not measured simply on a reputation that it "pleases everybody;" its establishment is far surer if it promotes eager discussion and a great variety of opinions. And this Mr. Kennedy's play certainly does. Those who complain that its doctrine is socialistic cannot avoid the awkward conclusion that there is not a word or a conviction expressed in it that does not find its parallel or authority in the teachings of Christ. The mainspring of "The Servant in the House" is that no man can serve two masters. There is no room in the vicarage for both Mammon, as represented by the Bishop of Lancashire, and "Manson." There need be no searching for obtruse symbolism in this play—such as most critics dilate upon—for the author and the actors make this antithesis as emphatic and unavoidable as possible. It seems to me that the man who cannot find "uplift" and benefit from this play is blind, indeed, for its forthright simplicity is its essence.

A Great Performance.

The great impression made by Kennedy's play is deepened by the rarely fine work of the Henry Miller Associate Players. When have we seen a company to approach it in harmony and strength? The most valuable traditions of the drama are restored in the revolt from the modern and baneful "star" plan. Mr. Kennedy's inspiration would have been confounded if he had written this play to order for a "star's" exposition. The burdens of the performance are properly and naturally distributed; hence the action and the pictures retain naturalness, the play is lifelike. But even this great advantage is made the cause of complaint by the opponents of "realism." They dislike Ibsen for the same reason—or lack of it. Apparently they resent the true depiction of real life upon the stage. Happily, the theater caters to all tastes and can never be monopolized by any single school. From the even distribution of the work and the "honors" of the performance the players derive an aid and inspiration only second to that of the author's work. Opinions are quite as diverse

as to the comparative merits of the performers as to the play itself. However, it must be conceded that in no performance of recent years have there been two such masterful delineations of what is technically known as "character" as those of Tyrone Power as the drainman and Arthur Lewis as the bishop. Tyrone Powe's work seems to me of quite extraordinary strength and I can recall no impersonation more vivid and convincing. The stormy passions and struggles of the battling individual that have almost wrecked his heart and distorted his sympathies, the bitter revolt against the injustices of "a great light," and the rugged drainman's ordination to become the main instrument in the hands of Manson for the regeneration of the vicarage—all these phases are elaborated with master craft by Mr. Power. No subtle touch is lost in Arthur Lewis's depiction of the blend of senility, avarice, and hypocrisy that compound the bishop. While the power of these two impersonations has not been questioned, it seems to me curious that Mr. Hampden's "Manson" has been elected by almost all the critics, both in New York and California, as the shining mark of the performance. The utmost credit is due Mr. Hampden for the fact that all pitfalls—and for a less discreet actor they would abound—of the suggestion of irreverence are zealously avoided. The result is a characterization that is distinctly reverent and distinguished for its dignity. But, perhaps in the effort to preserve these factors, Mr. Hampden sacrifices other even more essential features of the Son of Man. The spirit of divine tenderness, of the gentlest sympathy, which breathes Christ's one great message, "Love," is lacking. In this great east, to which Evelyn Wynne Mathison lends still further distinction as one of the very few really great emotional actresses of the day, there is only one weak spot, which is found in the portrait of the vicar in somewhat immature hands and spoiled by rapid and indistinct delivery.

An Unfounded Deduction.

Arthur Lewis was quoted in a San Francisco newspaper as being authority for the statement that the portrait of the Bishop of Lancashire was drawn from life and that he himself had "made up" the character in the image of an English prelate who died a few years ago. I am glad to say that this report is absolutely untrue. Mr. Kennedy denies the story in toto. "My original intention," he writes, "was to have the part of the Bishop 'made-up' to represent G. F. Watt's picture of Mammon—Manson representing the opposite pole of spirituality—and to this end I called him 'Laneashire,' the nearest I could get to the 'Manchester School of Economics,' in view of the fact that there is a Bishop of Manchester, and a very good bishop, too."

Rejected of Managers.

It is not a surprising fact that "The Servant in the House" did not appeal to any manager in England to whom it was offered. Mr. Kennedy, indeed, had despaired of its production, and there seemed small chance of the play becoming known beyond the circle of his own friends who had read the manuscript. Mr. Kennedy and his friends were also fearful that the play would never pass the ordeal of the British censor's scrut-

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iny, but no less a personage than George Bernard Shaw, who has had his own unpleasant experiences with that sometimes ridiculous official, insisted that even the censor could not prove an obstacle to such a play. A private performance, for copyright security, was, I understand, at last given in London, but it seems to have created little enthusiasm. Walter Hampden, however, had the deepest faith in his friend's play and determined to bring the manuscript to New York, although Mr. Kennedy himself endeavored to dissuade him from wasting money on such a venture. It is the greatest tribute to Henry Miller's sagacity that two days after Mr. Hampden's arrival in New York the actor-manager had accepted it and commenced arrangements for its production.

Playwrights' Activities.

Dr. C. W. Bachman, the local playwright, who in collaboration with Oliver Morosco, and also single-handed, has written several plays during the last few years, is in San Francisco directing rehearsals of "Under the Bear Flag," which is to be presented at the American Theater next week. The play, it will be recalled, is dedicated to the Native Sons, and will be produced in San Francisco under the auspices of the order. Marquis Ellis, who wrote the incidental music and songs for the play is also in the North, assisting the production. Mention of local playwrights reminds me we have heard nothing recently of Miss Constance Skinner's drama, which won high approbation from Madame Modjeska and which a local manager promised to produce. Richard Watson Tully, who consoles himself with fat cheeks from royalties earned by "The Rose of the Rancho" for the fact that the authorship of this play is now almost universally, but erroneously, attributed to David Belasco, returned last week from New York after signing contracts to write three plays within the next two years. By the way, Professor Richard Burton, whose lectures on modern drama received so much attention here recently, has been promised an early production in New York of his poetic drama, "Rahab."

W. Scott Smith.

I understand that W. Scott Smith, once of the "Development Society of California" and afterward of Pittsburg, where he had a somewhat strenuous time with his Pacific Coast Travel Association—I think this is the right name—has landed in San Francisco with some sort of a travel-producing scheme. At any rate somebody in San Francisco is investigating the Southern California career of one W. Scott Smith, who is alleged to be in the northern city. The information about this particular individual is available either in Los Angeles or Long Beach.

Moffett.

In chronicling the death of Samuel E. Moffett, the daily newspapers lost sight of the fact that he was a nephew—the favorite nephew—of Mark Twain. Mr. Moffett, at the time of his death was an editorial writer on the staff of "Collier's Weekly," and his column discussing the topics of the time was easily one of the most forceful features of that great national weekly. He was a son of Mr. Clemens's sister—the sister who figures as "Mary" in "Tom Sawyer." When

I first met him in San Francisco he was chief editorial writer on the "Evening Post" and on the staff at that time were Arthur McEwen, T. T. Williams, Earl Walcott and Charles Michaelson, all of whom achieved fame in the newspaper world. Mr. Moffett was a man of singularly gentle disposition and manner, an altruist if there ever was one, and a man who always looked for the sunny side of his co-workers. Yet he possessed a remarkably brilliant mind and his delight was in analyzing and discussing the sociological and economic questions which have been pressing for settlement and adjustment in the last twenty years. Hundreds of thousands of readers of "Collier's" and other publications knew him by name—it was a privilege to have known him personally.

Racing Legislation.

As far as the Southern California delegation goes, it may be taken for granted that there will be a practically solid delegation in the Legislature against the racing element. Those who are interested in racing, at least in this end of the state, have, as far as can be learned, taken no hand in politics, so far, and I have yet to learn that they will do so. "Lucky" Baldwin is worse than useless in a political fight and George Rose, who owns the controlling interest in the Arcadia track has not been in California for months.

Depending on Williams.

From an outsider it looks as if the Arcadia contingent was depending on Tom Williams to pull them out of any hole that may be dug for racing feet at Sacramento. Williams, who is one of the finest fellows possible to meet and who has been the sheet anchor of racing in California ever since it was started, will most probably devote his best efforts to saving his own racing scalp. He has control of two tracks that can be made in readiness for racing in three days' time—the Tanforan, which has not been open for some years but is intact, and the Emeryville, which was open last season. I am told that the Ingleside track is now occupied by the city and county authorities of San Francisco for hospital purposes and it would take some time to get this place into condition for racing. With such facilities as these and with a legislature not wholly in the hands of reformers, it would be possible for Williams to operate up north under conditions that would inevitably end in the closing of the Arcadia track.

Public Sentiment.

Public sentiment cuts quite a figure in such matters as these. Probably a majority of the people of the South are opposed to racing and to betting. Certainly the majority of people in the district around the bay of San Francisco are favorable to racing. San Francisco and its neighbors do not think along the lines customary in this city. No one realizes the fact that San Francisco wants racing more keenly than the average legislator and no one will be more keen than that individual to give San Francisco what it wants. There is a way by which this can be accomplished and I do not doubt that the fertile brain of Tom Williams has already grasped the idea.

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Harper versus Woolwine.

The Harper-Woolwine embroglio is one of those things that come along every summer season to liven up what is ordinarily a dull time. Indeed it is almost providential that at the time when everybody who can get away goes to the mountains or the beaches, and when topics for local discussion get short, one city official generally gets busy with an attack on another. It all goes to fill space in the newspapers, and neither of the disputants gets hurt. Now I have had something to say from time to time about the social evil, the social disease which is at the bottom of the Harper-Woolwine racket. I do not believe it can be eradicated and I do not want to see the time come when it will be scattered, as it was by a parcel of would-be reformers some years ago. The only plan is concentration, regulation and rigid watching. License appears an impossibility as long as a very considerable element in the community declines to admit that the social evil is an inevitable concomitant of civilization—and is one of the greatest blots on civilization.

Democracy.

Alton B. Parker and De Lancey Nicol have been the star performers for the local Democracy this week, and mighty has been the contest for recognition of the "great men" from the East by the Democratic Club and the silk stocking Democratic League. All of which reminds me that Mr. Parker said in one of his addresses that he was not sorry he "ran" in 1904. Mr. Parker evidently misunderstands the part he took in that campaign. He did not "run;" he scarcely got started.

Kill Tariff.

Mr. Parker seems to have gone into the

wrong community when he made his anti-tariff talk at the Auditorium. This community exists very largely in virtue of the tariff on oranges, deciduous fruits, sugar and agricultural products generally. Mr. Parker may be a wise statesman, an able jurist and all that, but he cannot convince the orange-grower of California that he should pay a high freight rate to New York and then compete on even terms with Mediterranean grown oranges that have paid a low water freight to the same market. That appeals directly to the pocketbook, and right here the California producer demands protection and is entitled to it. Mr. Parker can talk about "coal barons" and "steel barons" and "wood barons" and "robber trusts" until he is black in the face and then some; but all the oratory in the world will not get the practical side of this question out of mind. "Manufacturing barons" may provide good campaign literature in the East; out here the horticulturalists want to know why they should pay big freight rates to their markets and then compete with foreign grown commodities that have paid low freight rates.

Youtz.

After a strenuous campaign, in hard times, J. E. Youtz has finally organized the new fire insurance company on which he has been working for months. The company, which will be known as the Bankers' Fire Insurance Company, starts with a capital stock of \$200,000 and the directors are Lee C. Gates, Philip L. Wilson, Victor Ponet, J. E. Youtz, J. M. Hunter, J. W. Whittington and W. S. Allen.

Densham.

Jack Densham and the "Hawaii" have arrived safely at Honolulu and Densham expects to be back in Los Angeles about the end of the month. He will go to Seattle on the Gwendolyn and thence to this city. I have a letter from him which is characteristic and part of which I see good reason for quoting: "I sure had it on all you poor grinders while I was on the ocean. Nothing to do but enjoy myself and duck below when the steward murmured 'cow, cow,' which is Hawaiian for 'eat you beggars, eat.' The sun shone, the water rippled around us, the zephyrs zephyred and life was very good. I wish we had won the race, but as I stated before we sailed, I could not see any chance for the Hawaii. The Hawaiians have me slated for a special luau, which is a native feast of ripe proportions. Smiling Sam, the only Kanaka aboard the Hawaii, fell for me with both feet and the procession of cousins and aunts of his, has made up its mind to do things to me. The main part of the ceremony is to feast me and crown me with flowers as a favored guest of Hawaii, or words to that effect."

Elks.

This Saturday night at Levy's a monster banquet will be tendered to the eighty Elks who went to Dallas and brought the next Grand Lodge and convention to Los Angeles. All California Elk lodges are invited to this spread. An elaborate program has been prepared and every Elk within reach is expected to be there.

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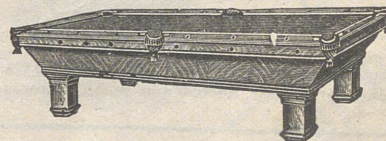
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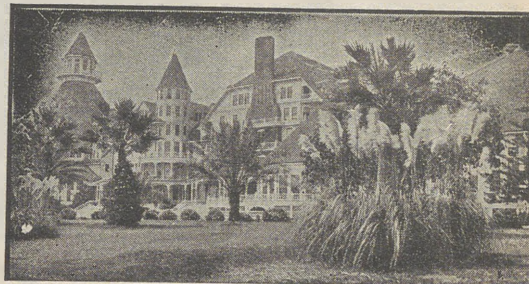
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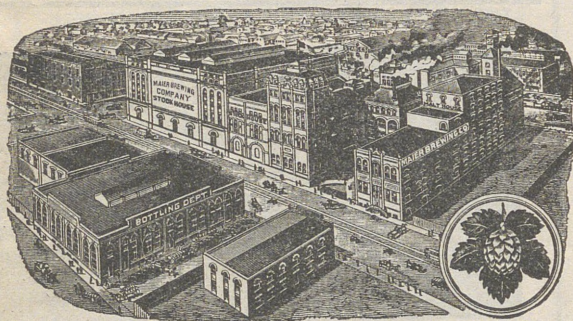
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Anti-Saloon.

J. Frank Moroney, the president of the Jesse Moore-Hunt Company of San Francisco and Louisville, has been appointed chairman for California of the National Model License League. This is the organization that has sprung up in the liquor trade to remedy abuses. The appointment is made by Thomas M. Gilmore of Louisville, who is the president of the league. Mr. Gilmore, in announcing the appointment, and stating the policy of the League, says: "It will do us no good to try to deceive the public in any way, and it is therefore imperative that we shall stand absolutely for obedience to law, and for the elevation of the retail liquor business to the standard that is being demanded by the press, and by the general public."

Gilmore and Brown.

"Collier's" Weekly has already devoted much attention to the proposition to reform the liquor trade from within. I have known T. M. Gilmore by reputation for the past fifteen years or so, and to my knowledge he has been preaching the necessity for reform for that period of time at least. Associated with Mr. Gilmore is George G. Brown, a strict Presbyterian, although a distiller, and personally one of the most lovable of men. It is the belief of these men that if the brewers, the wholesale liquor dealers, and the distillers will insist upon strict obedience to the laws and ordinances by the retail trade; will compel this by repressive measures when need arises, then the anti-saloon movement will go out on the ebb tide. Any brewer and wholesale liquor dealer will tell you, if you know him well enough, that one law-breaking, law-defying saloon man can do more harm to the business than a score of law-abiding men can undo. The proposition of the National Model License League is to take the law-breaker by the throat and compel him to be "good;" if not to insist on the revocation of his license.

Not Concerned.

Los Angeles will be little affected by the operations of this League, for the reason that Los Angeles has no trouble with its 200 retail liquor dealers. A license is worth too much money for the holder of one to take any chances of losing it. I have all along contended that this city is a model in the handling of the retail liquor trade, al-

though by so asserting I have earned the antagonism of many an anti-saloon worker. Conditions here are infinitely better than in the northern cities, for instance, and nowhere in the East is the liquor problem so effectively controlled. I respectfully suggest to Mr. T. M. Gilmore and Mr. George G. Brown that they take a trip west, for the sole purpose of investigating the Los Angeles plan and adopting it for use in the larger American cities.

Kuehne Beveridge.

I notice by the dailies that Kuehne Beveridge has ceased her hunt for a typical American beauty who is to be her model for the latest creation in sculpture. Now I have known of Kuehne Beveridge for a matter of ten or fifteen years, and I have yet to learn that she has produced a masterpiece. She is a consummate advertiser, and can get more space for nothing from the daily papers all over America than any one I have ever heard of. That she has a certain amount of talent I will concede, but her greatest achievements are in the line of inducing newspapers to give her all the publicity that she thinks she needs. After all is said and done, this is one of the ways of getting on in the world, and so I should not carp at the lady's ability in this line.

Maud Durrant?

During the last few weeks there have come to Los Angeles several copies of the "Tatler" of London, one of the great English newspapers, containing pictures of Maud Allan, the dancer, who has created such a furore in London by her dancing. All of the San Francisco papers have averred that "Maud Allan" is in reality Maud Durrant, sister of Theodore Durrant, who was hanged some years ago in San Francisco for the murder of Blanche Lamont, in one of the churches of that city. I have never seen Maud Durrant, but I have shown these pictures to several residents of Los Angeles who knew her in San Francisco years ago, before she went to Europe to study music, and before her brother was implicated in the church murder. These people tell me that they cannot tell whether the dancer is really Durrant's sister. I do not know that the San Francisco papers have yet asked any of the residents of the northern city whether they can cast any additional light on the identity of the dancer.

City Gas Company.

All of the details are about concluded for the transfer of the City Gas Company to the new owners, the Huntington-Balch-Kerekhoff syndicate. By the terms of this deal the actual transfer will be made on September 1st. The City Gas Company will remain in existence as a holding company for the \$1,000,000 in six per cent bonds, and the \$350,000 in five per cent bonds which the Sartori combination will receive for the plant. These securities will be held because it is not desired that any quantity of them be dumped on the market at one time, but Mr. Sartori will sell them at the psycholog-



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ical moment, and in lots which will be readily absorbed by the market. Some genius who deals in figures has told me that the subscribers to the City Gas Company will not only receive fifty per cent advance on their subscriptions, if the bonds are sold at par, but that from the moment the Huntington syndicate takes possession the interest on the bonds will return to the subscribers an actual return of 8.65 per cent on the money invested. That is pretty good.

New Company.

I am told that it is the intention of the Huntington syndicate to organize an entirely new company to operate the plant and that the papers are being drawn up for filing.

Venomous.

I cannot recollect anything more venomous than the "Times's" review of legislative candidates, which appeared on Friday morning. For instance, whether I believe in the political convictions of Russ Avery, or not, the fact remains that Russ Avery is a pretty decent sort of man, and one who will make his mark in this community. He was not anxious to make the run for the Lincoln-Roosevelters, his business requiring his attention. Then there was a senseless attack on W. L. Jones, who wants to go to the legislature from the Seventieth District. Mr. Jones was referred to as a consort of Councilman Wallace and as an exponent "of the Oregon ideas as set forth in the freak constitution of that State." Now it happens that the "Times" political writer who is responsible for the article in question does not know that Mr. Jones was formerly a member of the "Times" staff, and that he was entrusted with the court house detail, which is one of the "Times" features. Mr. Jones was in the newspaper business in Washington before coming to Los Angeles.

More Attacks.

Another attack that was nasty was that on John H. Strine. When he was superintendent of schools of this county, he was not the subject of bitter attack and told that he was another man's man. But because he does not train with the "Times" on this occasion, he becomes, at once, a "bad man." I did not favor String for renomination where he was before the county convention, but that does not alter the case that many a worse man has been sent to the Legislature than he.

Stimson.

Marshall Stimson, who is the L. R. candidate for State Senate in the Thirty Seventh District, is an object of special wrath. The "Times" in his case, resorts to its old familiar trick of mis-spelling his name. It was not always thus with Stimson. When he was fighting for the return of Thomas R. Bard to the United States Senate, he was quite a man, in the estimation of the "Times." Now he is "a capitalist who has taken up politics as a fad; he has become a professional politician of the most persistent type; he does politics night and day. He is a sort of political monomaniac who tries to lug politics into everything. If Boss Liss-

ner or Frank Heney should tell him to live on prunes he would do it." That shows how things and men change. Only two years ago to the "Times" Stimson was an able and upright young man who could always be found on the side of the right. Bah!

Justice.

Mind, I do not stand for all that these men stand for. I do not believe that all the political wisdom and virtue of California is to be found under the banner of Earl, Lissner, Pardee, Rowell, Spreckels, and Charley Belshaw. For many of the men who are aligned with these people I have a personal respect. Of all the leaders above named, Charley Belshaw is the only one in whom I have confidence. Yet I think that when any man or set of men from principle follow what I believe to be false gods, such men are entitled to respect for their action in conscientiously doing what is right. What is the use of a big bully metaphorically jumping down their throats?

Cole.

In the remote event that Bryan should be elected, I am told that the chances are good that a resident of Los Angeles will go into his cabinet. This prospective holder of high federal office is Nathan Cole. By election time the sugar enterprise in which he is engaged will have made one of the most successful runs in the history of the beet-sugar business in the United States. Mr. Cole has worked like a slave for some years on this sugar development enterprise of his, and at last the factories are running as they should. I am told that there will be a whole pot full of money for the stockholders after the present season's run. Then Mr. Cole will be able to give some of his time elsewhere. The portfolio of "Secretary of the Interior," I am told, looks good to Nathan Cole. I hope that he gets it.

Dorr.

Fred Dorr's troubles have been thoroughly exploited in the dailies here and in San Francisco. I do not know the inside facts—I doubt if any one outside of Dorr and his attorneys know the situation. Dorr is the type of man who can extricate himself from difficulties even at times when things look darkest for him. Some men have that knack or ability, and work out of trouble under conditions that would appall the average individual.

Bar Selected Judges.

The Bar Association, after a mail primary, has decided that Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, Judge N. R. Conrey, Judge Charles Monroe and Lewis R. Works are best qualified to go on the bench of this county. These names will be submitted to the county conventions. Mr. Works defeated Albert Lee Stephens by only a few votes. Others whose names were before the association were: George A. Gibbs, William H. Jamison, Waldo M. York, Frank R. Willis, James G. Scarborough, Cyrus F. McNutt, Lewis A. Groff, Hartley Shaw, Dana R. Wheeler, Henry C. Dillon, Stephen G. Long, Joseph F. Chambers, H. A. Pierce, H. H. Klamroth, G. M. Holton and William Crawford.

Good Men.

The Bar Association has indorsed good men, but I think it likely that the county

conventions will resent this action, and proceed as though the lawyers had not been heard from. It is practically certain that Judges Wilbur, Conrey and Monroe will be renominated anyhow, and the big fight will be on the fourth man. Most of the men whom the Bar Association failed to endorse will be before the conventions just as if nothing had happened.



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Every clock in your home will be a faithful servant instead of a misleading guide if our Clock Department has inspected and overhauled it.

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Bard.

Again I am constrained to ask, "Bard, Bard, who is Thomas R. Bard?" He has broken into print again, this time as the special champion of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. Now in the first place Senator Bard was one of the political accidents of California and no one not a special pleader ever expected that he would serve a second term.

Mason, Lewis & Cohan bought El Paso school bonds to the amount of \$100,000.

Heney.

Mr. Heney, it is announced, will make a speech at Simpson Auditorium this, Saturday, evening. Mr. Heney may essay to explain about that fee which he got from the Contra Costa Water Company. That would be about the most thrilling thing that Mr. Heney could talk about at the present moment. The San Francisco business has been pretty well talked to death and given immunity baths until exhausted. Maybe Mr. Heney will tell us all something about the importation of peons from Mexico.

Peons.

Writing of peons reminds me that another importation of these laborers is about due from Mexico. I am told that at least a thousand are coming to be engaged on railroad work. It is not so many months since most of those that were here during the activity in railroad and electric line construction, were sent to their homes in the southern republic, there being nothing more for them to do. That the railroads have found employment for a thousand, means that good times are coming. As soon as these men are at work, other enterprises that have been in abeyance during the stringency of the money market may be expected to take on a new aspect.

Dr. Moore.

I read in the papers once again that milkmen are being fined for not keeping their products up to the standard. That has a familiar sound—it is likewise a reminder that Dr. Moore of the board of health has returned to the city. The guarding of the purity of the Los Angeles milk supply is the one special self-imposed task of Dr. Moore. As long as he continues to maintain this policy he ought to remain on the board—for life if need be.

South Pasadena will soon vote on an issue of \$15,000 for a city hall and jail.

Water Ways.

The Municipal Water Ways Association is now in process of formation and all public

spirited residents are invited to communicate with A. P. Fleming, the secretary, at 316 Tajo building or 810 Central building, or else with F. S. Cary, treasurer, Bank of Wilmington, Wilmington, Cal. Membership costs but a dollar. The Association states very truly that the co-operation of every resident and property owner is required to make here a great sea port and manufacturing city and to this end it is absolutely of first importance that all possible means of water communication be kept open and improved.

Pasadena votes September 4 on the proposed issue of incinerator bonds instead of August 28.

Newman.

Most of us remember T. Newman's "Made in Los Angeles" exhibit, which was held at the old Panorama on Main street and proved one of the great successes of the last few years. The attendance at that "Made in Los Angeles" exhibition steadily increased from day to day until at the end it was next to impossible to get inside the building. Now "Toby" Newman has another exhibit of the same sort in hand. He has leased the Panorama quarters and additional space on Main street and all told has a ground space of 160 by 318 feet covered by the lease. The "Made in Los Angeles" exhibit enlarged and improved, will open in November and Mr. Newman expects to keep it open—not a month but for a year. He is receiving the heartiest support of the leading local manufacturers in this enterprise.

Red Light.

Of course the city attorney is strictly within the letter of the law when he insists that the "red light" district be broken up. The existence of the district is against the statutes and ordinances; yet I have serious doubts of the wisdom of the policy of the city attorney. The district can be broken up, of course, and then disreputable men and women will be scattered all over the city. Most legislative bodies are made up, collectively of a lot of cowards. They are fearful lest they lose the votes of the "long hairs." Five men and five women, for instance, can scare the political life out of most of the members of the city council. I will warrant that not a single member of the city council can be found who will deny that segregation is the best method of dealing with this social disease; not one councilman can be discovered who will introduce any legislation looking to regulation. I will warrant that not a single member of the police commission is in favor of driving loose men and loose women into the reputable residence districts. Yet the members of this body have not yet had the nerve and strength of character to tell the agitators to go home and mind their own affairs. Segregation, regulation, supervision and close watching are all required in handling the social disease. Every man of sense not blinded by theoretical and visionary notions knows this. But the theorists and the visionaries have had all the say about the methods of dealing with this disease. Would it not be better to try a few European ideas? Our own have proved lamentably inefficient.

"Selling" Baseball Players.

From time to time I have had something to say about the practice of "selling" baseball players. It is one of the features of organized baseball that the smaller leagues throughout the country, such as the Pacific Coast League, become mere training camps for the two big eastern Leagues, the National and the American. Whenever a baseball player has been developed by one of the smaller leagues so that he shows exceptional ability as a player, along comes one of the clubs of the big leagues with a "draft." In other words such clubs as the Los Angeles club is, have to give up their best players at the end of the season, on demand. Now there is a way of getting around this, and it is done before the "drafting period" begins, by "selling" the best players outright. The local club makes more by this operation than by waiting for the "draft." So it happens that this year "Dolly" Gray, who is the best pitcher in the Coast League, has been "sold" by the Los Angeles management to the Washington club. So it is that Easterly, one of the rising young catchers of the country, and Ellis, a most promising fielder, are to be "sold," presumably to Chicago. In other words, every year Los Angeles is to lose the pick of its players, either by "sale" or "draft," and the game goes merrily on.

The Remedy.

There is a remedy for all this—it is for the Coast League to withdraw from "organized" baseball; to paddle its own canoe, and get its own men and keep its players. The Coast League is sufficiently strong to stand on its own feet. "Organized" baseball does nothing for baseball on the Pacific Coast except to cripple it. This city and San Francisco had better ball when playing in an "outlaw" league, than when under the domination of the big eastern leagues. Over two thousand miles of land stretches between us and the first cities in the big leagues, St. Louis and Chicago. A successful resistance was made before and it can be made today. Not only will the "fans" enjoy a better article of ball, but they will turn out in larger numbers if they know that they have the best baseball possible to have on the Coast. This they will never get as long as the Coast League is merely a training camp for the big fellows.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Burbridge.

A man cannot help liking O. H. Burbridge. When he is sober and himself O. H. Burbridge is about as companionable a man as one can meet. So it happens that when one of his type runs amok with a shotgun, as he is alleged to have done early this week, the inclination is not that he should be harshly dealt with, but rather that something should be done for him, if possible, to straighten him out. I wonder if Christian Science has been tried in his case. I know of cases like his where it has worked wonders; I do not care whether it is suggestion or by whatever name it is called, the main thing is to see if it will reach him. I won-

der if hypnotism has been tried. I know a judge now on the bench of San Francisco county, who was considered, once, to belong to the down-and-out class. Bishop, the hypnotist, got hold of this man and he has not touched liquor for a matter of fifteen years. Surely something could be done, in one way or another, for O. H. Burbridge. He is too white a man to drop down and out.

San Bernardino votes August 11 on an issue of \$35,000 school bonds.

Correspondents.

The bunch of newspaper men who visited Avalon last week was made up of Washington correspondents for leading Eastern newspapers who had "done" the political conventions in Chicago and Denver and then got leave from their managing editors to come on across the continent and look up the government reclamation service. What with 80-mile automobile trips on the desert, rising at 4 o'clock in the morning to take an early start on their various tours of investigation, the newspaper men confided to the "Graphic" correspondent that they had found their "pleasure" trip somewhat strenuous. Arthur Ruhl of "Collier's" was struggling with the proper pronunciation of Los

Angeles and the New York "Post" man had to write his copy between courses of his dinner. Nevertheless, they declared themselves "delighted with the West."

Hell.

Rev. Thomas N. Lord, a veteran Baptist minister who is well known here, has spent the last nine months in the Imperial Valley. The change did him good and incidentally innured him to temperature stories which are scarcely believed on this breeze-blessed coast. While waiting for a car in Orange last Sunday Rev. Mr. Lord took his seat on the curb in the hot sun, fearful of contracting a cold in the shade. He noticed a well dressed stranger, obviously a tourist, eyeing him with interest and was not surprised when the man accosted him.

"Pardon me," he began, "I notice you sitting here in this fearful sun apparently comfortable and I am unable to resist asking you where you hail from. Is it Arizona?"

"Hotter than that," said the clergyman.

"Hell?" exclaimed the tourist.

"No, hotter than that."

"Well, I've read of it but never believed it," remarked the questioner with an air of finality. "You must be from the Imperial Valley."

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Colorado Springs, Colo., \$55.00; Denver, Colo., \$55.00; Pueblo, Colo., \$55.00.
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Let me make your sleeping car reservations early and explain details.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

ON or about September 1st, "The Evening News" will resume publication as an independent newspaper.

¶ "The Evening News" will be conducted on broad and fair lines. It will be the organ of no man, clique or faction.

¶ "The Evening News" will be amply provided with the best telegraphic and local news service.

¶ The initial circulation will be 20,000.

¶ Your patronage is solicited.

"THE EVENING NEWS"

Winfield Scott,

General Manager

Deborah's Diary

I had something to say last week about the marital troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Engstrum. I was wrong in saying that Paul Engstrum brought the action for divorce; the action was begun by Mrs. Engstrum—and the article was so written but the printer made a mistake. I am told that there have been no stormy scenes between the pair but that conditions had arisen that convinced Mrs. Engstrum that the suit ought to be filed. Finally I am told that she is likely to go north to complete her education and that Mr. Engstrum is urging her not to press the suit but that he wants one more chance to clear up the clouds.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, include the following Angelinos: H. C. Rice, F. W. King, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Cameron, H. T. Lee, Miss Jessie Rainey, Miss Marie Payson, H. C. Acker and son, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crowley, R. Bond, Mrs. L. Marks, Mrs. J. H. Martin, H. Albright, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Minor, H. Cortman, J. B. Holtzclaw, Mrs. H. Emory, J. B. Elliott, Mrs. W. W. Evans, Miss Evans, R. C. Gillis, H. M. Mabey, Mrs. Chas. Bentzoni, H. C. Chase and wife, Mrs. F. A. Wann, Mrs. C. F. Law, Van Court Warner, J. P. Yates, Mrs. J. P. Yates, C. G. Ballschwaller, Mrs. S. Polaski, Miss R. J. Polaski, W. L. Holt, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hoskins, Master J. R. Hoskins, Geo. O. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bayley, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wilson, Miss Harriet A. Moore, Miss Katherine Moore, A. G. Dunlap and wife.

Summer Girl Hits Avalon.

The summer girl has arrived—not singly—but in dozens, scores and swarms. Close on her heels are squads of young men, and bringing up the rear is an army of chaperones in the way of fathers and mothers, uncles, aunts and cousins. Heretofore the sportsmen have held the center of the stage and the talk of light tackle, yellowtail, broken rods and broken records has been the principal topic of conversation—but now the summer girl—spell it with capitals—the Summer Girl—is here and she will hold sway for this whole merry month of August. Away with anglers who angle for mere fish. She casts her bait for a better catch—she's playing the game of hearts and it's far more fascinating to the feminine mind than toying with a jew fish at the end of a cobweb line. All hail to the Summer Girl! She's here, and she's here to stay—bless her!

At Avalon.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Hunt and their daughter Louise have taken possession of their cottage on Whitley avenue for the balance of the season. Miss Anita Thomas is the house guest of Miss Louise.

Mrs. C. C. Christensen and daughter of San Rafael are guests of Mrs. R. H. Ingram at Descanso.

Miss Marie Bobrick is the guest of Miss Katherine Banning. Mrs. Bobrick is spending a few days at the Metropole.

Dr. J. J. Choate is spending his vacation in camp with his brother and family, which includes a jolly lot of boys and girls from Stanford and Belmont.

Mrs. Simon Maier and her daughters, Misses Hildreth and Mamie, were over Sunday guests at the Metropole.

B. O. Kendall and family of Pasadena have taken the Burnham cottage and are here for the month of August.

Mrs. J. B. Banning was hostess at a delightful moonlight barbecue and dance at Emerald Cove one evening last week when some forty guests were taken thither from Avalon in the Cricket. Huge bonfires were lighted and, after the feast was finished, the young people of the party had a merry dance on an improvised floor under the light of the new moon.

The Sunday evening musicales given by the orchestra at the Banning cottage are a delight to their guests. The Bannings have been entertaining large house parties of young people ever since their arrival here early last month.

Judge H. C. Austin is spending a few days at the Metropole.

Miss Caroline Trask arrived this week from an eastern trip which included a visit to Wellesley College for the commencement season, a brief stay in Boston and New York and a visit with Cleveland friends. Miss Trask is with her mother, Mrs. Blanche Trask, at her picturesque cottage, "The Ischia," for the balance of the season.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

Once again I have been fortunate enough to find time for a stroll through the art department of the good Boston Store, and as usual, I was rewarded for my efforts. They are daily receiving new consignments for this department, and I saw some of the most exquisite bits in French bronzes that you ever laid eyes on. Their studies in the nude are especially good and would be an ornament to the most luxurious of rooms. And their gorgeous lamps of French bronze and cut glass—my dear, they are too pretty for words. One beauty I saw was an eagle

perched on the top of a long bronze tree trunk. From the bird's beak was suspended a beaded globe which twinkled merrily in the light of the frosted globe within. They have everything from a simple little lamp to great creations with four and five fringed globes—but they are all things of beauty. The Boston has also got in a new line of picture frames that are ridiculously cheap for such good things. Just take a trip in and cast your eyes about, my dear.

Blackstone's are already getting ready for the usual early autumn rush by providing some of the nobbiest fall suits you ever

saw. Feminine fancy runs to stripes this season, and it would seem that it is to be gratified in all lines. The new coats are three-quarter length and severely tailor-made, trimmed with buttons on jaunty pockets and sleeves. A suit which appealed especially to me was in a heavy weave of striped, delicate green material, lined with a slightly contrasting shade of striped silk. The collar was adorned with a facing of green velvet, and the buttons on the wide flaps of the pockets and seam of the sleeve were shaded into a green to match. It was quite the prettiest thing I've seen yet, and no end stunning.

During these days of much sunshine and sweltering weather, it isn't at all inappropriate to speak of "sun sticks." If you want a pretty parasol, look in at the Ville. They have endless numbers of beauties there, to match everything from the filmiest of lingerie gowns to the severest of pongee tailor-mades. They have parasols in delicate shades of Dresden silk, in white and colors. They have them in pongee, unlined and lined with deep shades of green. Some of them have natural wood handles, some come in enamel and some are just plain "every day" sun sticks. But they are all in such good taste and so reasonable, that it's a hard matter to make a choice.

Yours as ever,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa Street, August fifth.

Spanish Garden in Hotel Redondo
Grounds where Spanish Dinners will be served as in Old Californian Days.

Parties can reserve Tables.

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"MASTERS OF MEN"

Matinees every Sunday and Saturday, 10c and 25c. Evenings, 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

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COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 10.

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The Famous English Character Comedienne

Basque Grand Opera Quartette

Famous French Vocalists

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COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 9.

THE GAYETY COMPANY

Second Week of Crowded Houses.

THE GIRL, THE MAN, THE ALIMONY

A Merry Midsummer Whirl of Songs,
 Dancing and Girls.

Positively the last week of this Merry Musical Show.

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday.

Matinees, 10c, 25c; boxes, 50c.

Evenings, 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c; boxes, 75c.

On the Stage and Off

Symbolic dramas are as a rule dull things of preachments and proverbs that make as little impression on the public as the sermons of fashionable ministers. Therefore when an author creates a play that in no way appeals to what is usually known as public taste; a play that deals with men's souls rather than their passions—it marks an epoch that his effort should be greeted with sincere, almost reverent admiration. Reverence begets reverence, perhaps, and Charles Rann Kennedy treats his theme with such a wealth of tender reverence that even the scoffer could not laugh at it. There is no action to speak of—the charm lies in the dialogue that is gripping, interesting, tense. The thread of the story is never once broken. Every word serves as a block to build up the complete structure.

The characters are treated as reverently and respectfully by the players as by the author. At first one is inclined to resent what appears to be theatrical artifice in Walter Hampden. But after a bit the resentment changes to an appreciation of his perception in lending the character the deep, slow voice and the careful dignity of manner that makes it impressive.

After Hampden comes Tyrone Powers, who supplies both comedy and pathos as Robert Smith. His is a brilliant characterization, worthy of the part given him. Edythe Wynne Matheson is graciously beautiful as the Vicar's wife, although one wishes she had a larger scope for her talents. Gladys Wynne is prettily girlish as Mary, and Edmund Rann Kennedy is admirable as the Vicar.

There is a lesson in every act—not a sermon, but a clear, simple lesson that touches the deep, sensitive chords we keep hidden from the populace. Each of us will draw a different lesson from it, perhaps, but so long as it betters even one of us, "The Servant in the House" has served a large purpose in a world of drama that has become well-nigh purposeless.

When a play which has been produced three or four times and each time has run from two to four weeks, continues to draw crowded houses, it may certainly be called a success, whether or not critics agree as to its qualifications. And that is what Oliver Morosco's play, "The Judge and the Jury," has done. It is being revived this week to as much enthusiasm as it originally aroused. Blanche Hall is once more seen as the winsome Maquita, and William Desmond repeats his virile delineation of Miles. Willis Marks and H. J. Ginn have already cornered the adjective market for their admirable character bits. Gerald Harcourt plays the Chinaman with acumen and effectiveness. The improvement this young actor has made during the past few months is astonishing.

A very charming woman, a monstrous, rose-laden hat tied under a very charming tip-tilted chin, a quaint parasol handled with

a deft disregard as to its astonishing length of handle, and a clinging creation of velvet that reveals beautiful curves and lines—and other things—all this creates a sensation at the Orpheum this week. And Miss Fremont Benton in a sheath Directoire—not any of your mild imitations, but the real thing—is IT. And the beauty of it all is appreciated by the ladies as well as by the bald-head row. The gown is worn by Miss Benton in a really funny sketch, "My Awful Dad," capitably played by her and Mr. Bond. The plot has several novel features and is ideal

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Last Times, Saturday and Sunday of

"JULIE BON BON"

Beginning Monday night

"THE WIFE"

Regular Belasco Prices prevail. Every night, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays, 25c to 75c.

for vaudeville purposes.

William Thompson and company have a little drama called "For Love's Sweet Sake" that would pass a half hour very charmingly if contained between the covers of a magazine. But as a playlet it is somewhat tedious. The baboons spend another week in their tight rope and loop-the-loop stunts, and Leipzig keeps his audience wondering at "now you see it, and now you don't" tricks. Acrobatic turns and rough comedy work distinguish the remainder of the program; but the principal feature of the whole bill remains that Directoire gown.

LOS ANGELES THEATRE 340 So. Spring St.
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LAST WEEK

The Popular, Well-Known Favorite German Comedians,

KOLB & DILL

A company of 40 people, with Maude Lambert and Bill Clifford in the late Judson C. Brusie's Musical Comedy,

LONESOME TOWN

100—NIGHTS IN NEW YORK—100

Seats now on sale. Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

Following the presentation of "The Wife" the Belasco Company will present an entirely new and roaring farce comedy written especially in honor of the visit of the National Underwriters Association. It is from the pen of James Crawford, and is entitled "Muttsburg Life Insurance," or "All in the Family." Mr. Crawford, who is the author of the successful comedy, "The Beauty Shop," has outdone himself in this newer work, and it will prove especially interesting to the city's guests during that week. The entire strength of the Belasco Company will be utilized.

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Belasco—Musical comedy will be followed next week by that famous Belasco-De Mille drama, "The Wife," which will serve Miss Grey with a new opportunity to prove her versatility.

Burbank—Avery Hopwood's "Masters of Men," which received its New York production not many moons ago, begins at the Sunday matinee.

Los Angeles—Kolb and Dill in "Lonesome Town" will play to S. R. O. houses for another week.

Grand—"The Girl, The Man, The Alimony," will be continued for the second week at the Grand opera house, commencing Sunday, August 9. The numerous song hits and the spectacular numbers remain and

in addition there will be a number of new specialties, said to be startling and sensational.

Orpheum—Katie Barry, the Orpheum's latest importation, has just concluded a triumphant four weeks at San Francisco and Oakland, and comes here next week in her coster songs, dancing and comedy patter. She is the "one best bet," that is if vaudeville taste here runs along the same lines as in our rival cities to the north. The Basque Quartet are established favorites here and their bright costumes and equally brilliant vocalism will be an attractive feature of the coming week. Fred Singer has evolved a real musical novelty. Singer appears as an old violin maker of Cremona, who has just finished an instrument which he declares to be his masterpiece. As he loving fondles the instrument he falls asleep and sees a vision of the great men who are to play on this chef d'oeuvre in the years to come. Paganini, Sarasate, Joachim, Kubelik, Remenyi, appear and play the violin in turn. All the different characters are presented by Mr. Singer with effective scenic and cartorial accessories. The Lavinia-Cimaron Trio with two acrobats and a toe dancer have a new idea that they call "Imagination." Thomas Barry and Madge Hughes, a Bowery boy and girl, appear in a dialogue that will sting the matinee idols, should any happen to attend the Orpheum next week. The Patty Frank Troupe, Martinette and Sylvester, motion pictures and William H. Thompson's dramatic sketch complete the bill.

Among the Artists

BY RENE T. DE QUELIN

One of the most picturesque sketching grounds is Brittany, the northwest section of France. It is somewhat difficult for a native to speak impartially of his own heath; still there are characteristics so strong and pronounced in this distinctive country, so filled with all that the true artist desires, that one is overruled in a diffidence that would otherwise prevail to prevent the talk. It is really astonishing how few artists and students go to Brittany, considering the thousands that study, and the facilities for reaching this delightful country. For those who are already in France, say Paris, one can take the train either to Rennes, in Normandy, and from there reach any part of Brittany one may wish, or taking a more southerly route, take the train from Paris to Nantes, by way of Angers. Nantes, one of the great historic towns of France, is the most southerly city of Brittany, which is filled with intense historical interest. It was here that the edict of Nantes was proclaimed during the bloody wars between Catholic and Protestant. During the terrible revolution of 1789, when the common people had the upper hand, the streets were running streams of blood. Even with this, heads could not be cut off fast enough, and royalists were tied together in pairs, put aboard barges and scuttled in the river Loire. But today to visit these localities one could never imagine such atrocious happenings had ever occurred. Brittany is unusually interesting, from the fact that every city, town and village has

its own peculiar head-dress, which denotes where the wearer belongs. The general costume is most picturesque, and lends itself to all that the artist desires for color and effect. To those who are in England and wish to run across the English Channel, there are two excellent routes; one from Southampton to St. Malo, where can be had a splendid view of the Channel Islands, Jersey and Guernsey; or by way of Plymouth to Brest, the great naval station of France, and from there work down through Brittany, which is bounded on the north and west by the sea, and south by the river Loire. Consequently there is an infinite variety of coast with quaint shipping and colored sails, as they are mostly stained. The coast itself offers a diversity of seaboard as well as of weather, for the Bay of Biscay is at times a stormy place. The interior of Brittany presents everything desirable from the painter's view, from desolate moor to dense forest and mountainous regions. A visit to Carnac carries us back to the famous Druids, where the stone sentinels still persist in reminding us of those early ages far beyond any authentic historical record. There are many famous and picturesque chateaus, cathedrals and churches, beautiful old water mills and the quaintest of houses that carry us back hundreds of years, and from May until October the country is filled with religious fetes called pardons, when hundreds of villagers with their different head-dresses congregate at some one particular town or city to hold

the festival with its beautiful processions. Some of the most important and the grandest are held at sea port towns, St. Yoes, St. Jean du Doigt and St. Anne de la Palande (le pardon de la mer)—the pardon of the sea, are some of the important ones. The summer time is also the time of weddings when whole villages turn out and meet as one for the joyous occasion, giving abundant material to the painter who loves picturesqueness and quaintness. At Quimper there is a museum containing a splendid collection of military costumes of much historical value and one that would fill the artist's soul with delight. A great many hotels have been run with especial care for the artists who have been encouraged to this beautiful section of France. There are so many good guide books published that it is useless to go into detail but merely to draw the attention of the student or artist to this wonderful country of poetry, beauty and legend with all its quaint buildings and streets hundreds of years old, and fine old Gothic pierced tracery of stone that is worth the trip just to see. There is no difficulty now for those who understand some French to make oneself understood very well as the government has compelled French to be taught in the schools, they having had much difficulty with the conscripts when joining the army not understanding a word of French. The Breton belongs to the Armorice race, the Cymric branch of the Celtic race which constitutes the northern division

of the Aryan family. The Welsh in the British Isles and the Bretons are the same race, their languages being the same, only slight differences having occurred with the separation of centuries, this race having been driven in both cases into the fastness of mountains, and forests by the many foreign invaders of France and England in past centuries, where they have held to their traditions with a singular and persistent tenacity.

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feature of the International Exhibition of art school work in London, is to be the exhibit of pupils' work of the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Paris. This is an unusually attractive addition, as the work can be compared with that of South Kensington, the royal academy and that of the English universities. It was feared for some time that the pupils of the Ecole des Beaux Arts would refuse to send their work, as they feared the unjust, intolerant criticism as practiced by men who have power obtained through influence and not by merit. The English themselves have tolerated this for many years, but have at last taken courage and broken through this imperious wall of bigotry. Consequently it will be of immense interest to see the French and British hang together in all the frankness and fullness of their best efforts. The teachings and methods of the two countries are entirely different; from this point as well as from the point of results, it will awaken the interest of the whole world. The showing will be made in the Victoria and Albert Memorial Museum.

A communication from Mr. Burbank to the Kanst Galleries revealed the fact that this artist has been painting at Kean's Canyon, where he has been doing work of a far more pretentious character, studying the Navajos in full length, making some important pictures of them weaving blankets, where several figures have been introduced. Another picture of this interesting tribe is composed of nine Indians gambling. As Mr. Burbank has studied this particular tribe for many years, and has attained great facility in rendering them in all their peculiar moods and various activities, we can look forward to some pictures of more than passing interest. One part of the world should always be interested in what some other part is doing, and how it does it. Mr. Burbank has just left the Navajo section to go to Pollaceo, Arizona, to be among the Moquis during their snake dances, and other festivities, generally held at this season of the year. He has gone well fortified to take exact memoranda of all that passes at these celebrations, to make many sketches of value for serious work later. This is also a tribe well known to him, and he has made many portraits of them, so that we may look forward to some very interesting subjects from this artist's brush.

Carl Eytel, an artist who has painted much

of the Arizona desert, has just appeared among us. Several of his works are to be seen at the Kanst galleries. While there is much to be admired in them in the way of tone values and technique, some of the desert sand seems too white and chalky. And while these things may have some local interest, they certainly have not from a pictorial point of view. It would be hard to find any one sufficiently interested in such things to buy the painting of some sand and sky to hang on their walls as a thing of joy and pleasure to look at forever. If such things had some human interest in them, or had some important feature, it would be different, the sand then would become an accessory and might be just the thing, according to the intelligence of the artist.

A superb oil painting of a moonlight on the Scottish coast, by the well-known painter, D. J. Gue, is to be seen at the Kanst Art Galleries. A wonderful piece of soft, rich moonlight color, beautifully rendered with all the majesty and sublime poetry of that soft, subtle, illusive time. The movement of both clouds and water are marvelous, and in coloring exquisite. Tone and values both illustrate the power that this artist has gained over these subjects that he is so fond of, and of which he is absolute master.

W. R. Derriek is represented in this gallery, and he has a masterful water color of sheep at pasture. The drawing and rendering of the sheep, which are large and prominent, is all that could be wished, and the landscape splendid, showing this artist to be a master of this difficult medium, and having a splendid technique, clear tones, and fine values; one who has both poetry and ability to express it.

Friends of Frank P. Sauerwen, the painter, regret to learn he is still in bad health, and will remain at his New Mexico home, Taos, so that it will be unlikely he will attempt to come back to Los Angeles for some time yet.

Joseph Greenbaum has gone to Catalina on a two weeks sketching tour.

Miss Nellie Sheldon anticipates leaving for the East, and in consequence has offered her studio effects for sale. Miss Sheldon has been one of the most successful teachers in the Blanchard building, and has gathered a splendid clientele around her. This should prove a good opportunity for some art teacher of merit.

Autos and Autoists

By W. CUMMING MONTGOMERIE

The very much discussed challenge of Colonel Fenner for a race to his mine on North Baldy is at last an assured thing. That good sportsman, L. T. Shettler, has accepted the challenge and has posted a \$250 forfeit with Walter Chanslor, of Chanslor & Lyons. This is certain to be a great race as both of the contestants are keen autoists and know the game from beginning to end as few know it. The cars will be prepared with the greatest care and tuned up to the highest pitch of perfection, as there exists

between the two the keenest rivalry. Mr. Shettler's car will be an ordinary stock car, stripped and reinforced where necessary, for it will have to stand some severe strains tearing over the rough road at a terrific pace up old Baldy. Colonel Fenner will bring his racing car from Cleveland, which, although it has the regular White stock engine, is primarily built for racing. The start is to be made from the corner of Fourth and Broadway and the route will be through the Broadway tunnel to Avenue Twenty, over the San Fernando Road through San Fernando, over Fremont Pass

to Saugus, Lang, Acton, Palmdale and thence across the desert to Shoemaker's Ranch and up the mountain to the end of the wagon road at the Big Horn mine. From Los Angeles to San Fernando the road is fairly good, with a few bad turns and rough places. Beyond San Fernando to the grade over the Fremont Pass, it is very dusty. On the other side of the pass rough roads prevail to Saugus, but in the Soledad Canon, the road is, on the whole, good, except for an occasional sandy place. Above Lang, the road is narrow, rough and winding, but improves on arrival at the desert and the

stretch to Shoemaker's is reached. From here the real climb begins and in the last three miles the cars will climb 2500 feet. The road up the mountain has lately been considerably improved by Colonel Fenner and better time will probably be made than heretofore.

It is curious how, when one man, who waits until the last minute to see if the challenge is taken up, accepts it, that many others say they also wished to accept, well knowing that they will not be permitted to do so. It is so easy to talk, but how few really act. This is exactly what has happened since Mr. Shettler accepted Colonel Fenner's challenge. Several now say that they want to race, but the match was to be for only two cars, hence their great desire.

The action of Mr. Shettler in racing his Kisselkar against the White is, I think, extremely sportsmanlike and fully up to what we might expect of him. His car is only medium price, selling for the extremely reasonable price of \$2250. What the aristocratic \$5000 cars have shunned has been accepted by one who only claims the middle price—I won't say the middle class. It will be remembered that this is the car that did so well in the Altadena hill-climb.

The Standard Motor Car Company has moved from its former location on East Ninth street to its new and commodious building on the corner of Eighth and Olive. This was especially built for them by Mr. J. D. Hooker. They have received a shipment of the 1909 Fords, and are very busy booking orders for early delivery.

Don Lee, of the Cadillac agency, has just returned from a trip to the East, where he saw the new 1909 models. He also visited the Packard and Thomas factories. Talking of Cadillacs, the postal authorities of Washington, D. C., have decided to inaugurate exhaustive tests of motor cars in the collection of mail with a view to substituting them for horses and wagons, if they prove successful. Postmaster Barnes has secured an allowance of \$1400 for the purchase and maintenance of two-cylinder Cadillacs and each will be expected to make two routes now covered by horse and wagon service. One of these is located in the upper part of the city and the other in the lower part. While the motor cars will cost sixty dollars more than the horses and wagons now used

on these routes, they will result in the saving of two \$1100 carriers, who are to be assigned to carrier duty, thus bettering the delivery service. Postmaster Barnes says the service will be inaugurated August 1, and "if the results prove satisfactory, it may lead to the entire substitution of the motor car for the horse and wagon collection service throughout the District of Columbia." The postal officials are very much interested in the coming tests and are prepared to collect data.

The ideas entertained by some of the inhabitants of the British Colonies, in regard to doing business with the mother country, are peculiar. Mr. J. E. Hutton, concessionaire for Berliet cars, in England, was the receiver of a letter which was, no doubt, in all seriousness. The most curious part of it is the request for a "sample" and in reference to this Mr. Hutton says, "I do not know whether cars can be sent by sample post, but I suppose they can if the ends are left open." The following is the letter:

Cape Coast, May 5, 1908.

J. E. Hutton, Ltd.,
81-83 Shaftesbury Ave.,
London, W.

Dear Sir—Having seen your name and address in the "London Magazine" that you are one of the best manufacturers in the City of London, I should like you to send me your complete catalogue and sample to see and send my indents and remittance to you as soon as possible. I am daily waiting for your kind reply by next steamer. I am,

Yours faithfully,

JACOB ALBEST,

Care of Cufie Andah, Garden Street.

That are some very keen and conscientious motor manufacturers in general to express an opinion of their own make, and the majority of them are so blind to their own and their shareholders' interests that any suggestions made by members of their staff who have had varied experience, which enables them to speak with authority, are absolutely ignored. The man himself is treated with contempt, and, if he persists in bringing these matters up before his chief an early opportunity is taken of getting rid of him. In many works with which I am acquainted, the designer is practically omnipotent; his authority and designs cannot be questioned unless one is seeking a change of air, so it is no wonder that those who have families to maintain should prefer the policy of Bre'r Rabbit—lie low and say nothing—to that active policy of criticism which the more enthusiastic of us will not restrain. Let the price be what it may.

The most satisfactory cars on the market today are made in factories where the designer and the testing departments work hand in hand, and the sooner this method of working is adopted by those firms whose repair departments are as large as the productive departments, the sooner will their cars be a success on the market and once success is assured, their dividends will assuredly follow.

Motor car engineering is, in itself, a highly specialized class of work, but the man who wishes to succeed and the only man who will succeed, is the man who has a good all round knowledge of engineering tactics. And even then, his bed will not be altogether one of roses. Experience can be the only teacher and the man who is likely to be the biggest success is not the man who relies

entirely on his own experience, but one who is content to learn from others and combine it with what he already knows. There is another point which I should like to touch here—one that makes for greatly increased productive costs and one that effects the buyer who requires spares, and that is, the absolute lack of standardization that is so noticeable on many American made cars of today. There are some concerns with an output running into hundreds of cars yearly amongst which it will be almost impossible to find two cars alike as regards details—some of them minor details certainly, but others of constructional importance; this is the point upon which we are beaten on every hand by the foreign manufacturers and one is led to consider the various causes which contribute to this chain of affairs.

One very evident point is that the designer does not know his own mind, but the cause which contributes more largely than any other is the fact that these makers design a new type of car and have the first one or two built in a great hurry for the show. In many cases these cars have never been on the road at all and after the hurry and bustle of the show is over, it has been found that as far as road performance is concerned they are of no use at all. So a new design is gotten out which eliminates a few of the first defects and introduces a few more of its own, which are perhaps even worse in their way. All this takes time and customers are in the meantime clamoring for deliveries with the result that the testing is skimped, or in many cases, dispensed with altogether, and I must confess that, after a long experience with cars and car work, I have never yet come across a manufacturer who can honestly say, "Our cars do not require a road test." They may say it, but at the best it can only be described as a "terminological inexactitude."

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Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, Stocks & Bonds, 400-401 Grosse Bldg.

There is more money in the Eastern financial centers than ever before, and New York is loaning at 3@4 per cent, with St. Louis doing the same at 5 per cent. The Pacific Coast appears to be alone, in the midst of a continued currency famine that first spread over the country like a funeral pall last autumn. Out here, even, conditions are continually on the mend. But as long as the banks persist in their present course, the times are certain not to ease. I am convinced the coming winter will perform miracles for us in a financial way, but the good old times of two years ago are not due for at least another twenty-four months.

In spite of his recent peculiar experiences, the savings bank depositor declines to invest, while the investor—usually a speculator—is all in. His obligations are pressing him, and forcing a sacrifice of his securities on an already depressed market. The result has been a stagnation that is staying with us like a leech, while the East long ago became normal in a money way.

Copper, the metal, has begun to stiffen in price at last, and the good copper stocks are booming. Greene Cananea, six months ago at \$4.75, is selling above \$12 a share, and is an excellent purchase at that. The copper situation, always a barometer, proves that business conditions throughout the land are sound, with record crops in sight ready for harvesting.

I still advise the purchase of good bank stocks, and of the standard local industrials, at present prices. Some of the bond issues are nearly out of reach. Others however should be gathered in and salted away at these quotations.

Some stray San Francisco Home Telephone, the security that was oversubscribed many times when floated two years ago, may now be had cheap. Bonds at 95 with a 100 per cent preferred stock bonus. People are hard up and must sell. The stuff should be picked up where possible. It is "a cinch" in my opinion, for a 2 to 1 shot within a year. The bonds pay 5 per cent on par from the beginning.

The First National Bank of El Centro is to occupy a new building being erected by Thomas Beach.

Ed. H. Wallace, formerly of Prescott, Wisconsin, is to enter the Exchange National Bank of San Jose.

The report that negotiations are pending for the consolidation of the Central National Bank and the Commercial National Bank of Los Angeles is authoritatively denied.

The good roads bond election will be held in San Bernardino county on September 17.

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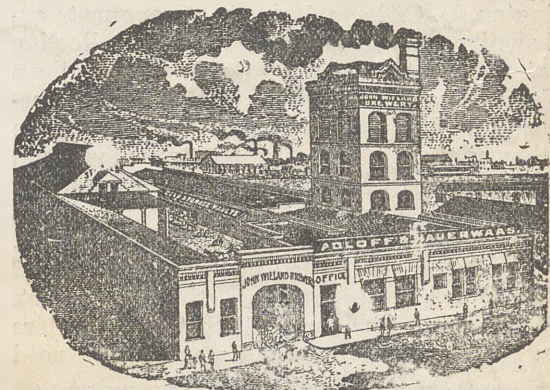
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